

WAR IS AT AN END.

PROCLAMATION OF PEACE

By the President of the United States of America

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, By a protocol concluded and signed August 12, 1898, be-

WHEREAS, By a protocol concluded and signed August 12 1898, by William R. Day, Secretary of State of the United States, and His Excellency Jules Cambon, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Republic of France at Washington, respectively representing for this purpose the government of the United States and the government of Spain, the United States and Spain have formally agreed upon the terms on which negotiations for the establishment of peace between the two countries shall be undertaken ; and

WHEREAS, It is in said protocol agreed that upon its conclusion and signature hostilities between the two countries shall be suspended, and that notice to that effect shall be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces.

Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do, in accordance with the stipulation of the protocol, declare and proclaim on the part of the United States a suspension of hostilities, and do

Done at the city of Washington this 12th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and

By the President:
WILLIAM R. DAY, Secretary of State.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF PEACE PROVISIONS.

The official statement of the peace provisions is as follows:

1. That Spain will relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba.
2. That Porto Rico and other Spanish islands in the West Indies, and an island in the Ladrones, to be selected by the United States, shall be ceded to the latter.
3. That the United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the final disposition, and government of the Philippines.

That Cuba, Porto Rico, and other islands in the West Indies, and an island in the Ladrones, to be selected by the United States, shall be ceded to the latter.

5. That the United States and Spain will each appoint not more than five Commissioners to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace. The Commissioners are to meet at Paris not later than the 1st of October.

ORDERED TO SUSPEND HOSTILITIES.

The order sent to Gen. Merritt to suspend hostilities was as follows:

"ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, August 12, 1898.

"MERRITT, Manila :

"The President directs all military operations against the enemy be suspended."

“By order of the Secretary of War.

receive save as to Balines.
 As to the order stated, further instructions will be sent to each General.
 Gen. Merritt will be directed to confer with the Spanish commandant at
 Manila to carry out the terms of the protocol and to occupy Manila imme-
 diately. Gen. Miles will put himself in communication with the chief
 authority in Porto Rico for the purpose of having Spanish forces turn
 over San Juan and other points to him preparatory to evacuation. Owing
 to conditions in Cuba the orders to Gen. Shafter to be sent herewith will
 be much different than those to other Generals.

In connection with Capt. Cooke's
 statement:
 The total receipts on the five ac-
 counts which are payable monthly
 into the public treasury have been
 periods for (Capt. Cooke's gratifica-
 tion) as follows:
 First period, from January 1,

DEMOCRATS SCHOOL THE NEGROES
FAISON, Aug. 12, 1898.
 That They Have a Right to Demand and
 Hold Office.—Which is a Scheme as They
 Can Cry for "White Man and
 White Metal."
 For The CAUCASIAN.

total payments	\$50,474 43	usual with house & i., some of which
average per year	27,501 16	is being scattered around already,
average per month	2,291 76	Democratic slogan is negroes

Second period, from last payment of Coke, May 31, 1895, to the inauguration of Dr. Thompson on January 12, 1897, 1 year 7 25

average per year	50,802 52
average per month	4,233 53

Third period, from Jan. 12, 1897, to July 31, 1898, 1 year & 3-5 months,

the amount was	\$163,356 14
average per year	105,326 40
average per month	8,777 20

mount turned over to him by apt. Cooke being placed to Cooke's credit.

There are many mysteries connected with this affair. For in-

lurt Reports were \$1,351.34, and in 1891 \$2,618.01, showing an average of \$1,857.75 for these eleven years, and for the three years 1892, '93, and '94, the grand total of \$2,618.01, the account reached \$1,857.75 for the three years, and then suddenly went back above the general average.

There are other features of this mystery, which we will refer to next week.

Meanwhile we shall be glad to hear from you. Cooke tell us where that \$2,588.07 was on November 30, 1896?

A FERTILIZER TRUST.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 12.—The Virginia and Carolina Chemical company has purchased the mills of

oll by \$30,000. The four mills controlled by the Southern company are located at Atlanta, Savannah, Rome and Cordele, Ga. The purchase of these mills makes the total number of factories controlled by the Virginia and Carolina Company twenty-seven. The company is cap-

Five new yearly subscriptions and the renewal, or six new yearly sub-

RALEIGH, N. C.

"HIGH SPY."

"High spy! Home free! High spy! Home free?"

"O, it was the sweetest little face that mortal ever set eyes upon. She was peering around a big lilac bush where I lay panting and exhausted. The Federal cavalry was after me. I could see them in the valley below, as when I awoke a mile away. I had leaped into a briar thicket in the yard of a little southern mansion to get my breath and reconnoiter. If they caught me I would be High Spy," sure enough; for spy I really was.

I was watching before this sunny maid of six summers, and she thought we were having a great game of "I spy." She said it "High spy." As I believe your garters generally do. But who hasn't played it.

"High spy! Home free!" she repeated, and clapping her chubby hands, she started to run for "home." How my heart sank. It was all up with me now. This little one would betray me.

I leaped to my feet and ran. The woods, or "bush," as we of the South call it, lay three hundred yards distant. I could never reach it.

Scarcely knowing what I was doing, I wheeled about and ran back to the little girl. She must have seen "Little sweetheart! Little sweetheart!" I cried, dopping onto my knees and clasping my arms around her. "The maams are after me. Don't tell maams on big horses where I hide. Tell 'em man to bush you're home." Then we play "High spy," when they're gone."

"All wight. Pearl won't tell maams," she said imitating my half-suppressed tones, her big, blue eyes opened wide with baby mysteriousness.

I dashed into an old wood shed and crawled behind some lumber standing on end in a corner. It scarcely covered me. A saber thrust would unearth me. Two sides of the shed were torn away. I could readily see out from my scant hiding place. I beheld my pursuers wheel around the hill and dash through the orchard below. They went by like a blue flash. I could hear their sabers clanking. Another instant and they were in the yard.

"Man don away," said a little piping voice.

"What did you say my little girl?" I could hear the officer ask as he came up. "Did you see a man running through here."

"Es, I saw im. O-o-o he ran so hard. Like dat. And he breaved so hard. Like dat."

The squad laughed. She had evidently tried to imitate my running and my panting.

"Come on; he aint here," said one.

"Hadt'n we better search the house and buildings?" was another suggestion. It was plain that a sergeant or corporal was in charge. "O-o, he'd know better than that. His only safety is in the bush, and he had better hurry he get away yet. Ask the baby. She'll tell us."

"Is the man 'round here anywhere, little girl?"

"Man in the bush."

And away they went pell mell.

My little Pearl had saved me. But dare not move. Some one them may have been left to search, after all.

I heard a step. My heart was in my throat. Some one touched the side of boards.

"High spy you! High spy you! ou're it."

There she was peering around the corners at me. My good, little angel, her halo of golden hair all about her sweet face.

Was there a hugging match then? Did anybody get smothered with kisses? Well, there never was its like before or since. Never.

Did we play "High spy." We did. I would have kept my word with her if that whole Union squad had turned, and sat on their horses to look at us. I knew that in boldness of my safety then. I surmised that they would return in half an hour. So we played, and I watched the bush.

In the meantime we had fixed up a better hiding place with a barrel under a pile of old shingles. If we came again, I was to crawl in and Pearl was to pull the shingles down over the mouth of the barrel.

They came back. I saw them in the edge of the bush before they were looking our way. What fun was for little Pearl to put me in the barrel and cover me up with old wet shingles. I told her to sit out in the yard and play. She did. I heard her switching the cab bushes.

"Would she be equal to it this time?"

All this happened in December, 1863, shortly after the battle of Missionary Ridge. I knew all that. I had piloted the right wing of Bragg's army through the bush the previous September when they were maneuvering to fall upon "Secars'" left. Then later at Missionary Ridge I had done some service. I had been inside the Union lines several times, and was finally captured. They suspected me, but I nothing definite enough on which to hang me in a hurry; so they held me to do at their leisure. My extreme youthfulness was in my favor.

The Union army was encamped near Chattanooga for the winter. One night I escaped. I had crawled on my hands and knees, and only a short distance from the rear line when morning came. I saw me as I creased an open trench and a squad of cavalry took me. And there I was under that pile of old shingles, my life depending upon the cuteness of that little maid.

"Halt!" came a voice from the away.

"Little girl, show us how the man did."

There was a pause, then a shout from the platoon.

"Clant, for their sabers died in the distance."

"Home free?" sure enough!

"Did I forget my little saviour?"

"Well I never forget her. Never."

Yes, often and often. At sixteen
 Yes, often and often. At sixteen
 as sweet as the rose. I was her senior
 by ten years. Her people had lost
 everything by the war. I persuaded
 a brother of hers to accept of my
 means and send her to boarding
 school. I was red-stood, and acted
 like a man. Wouldn't she mine al-
 ready.

One day I went into the Read
 House in Chattanooga to buy a
 cigar. As I stood there, smoking,
 the proprietor of the cigar stand
 said to me:

"I promised a Northerner this
 morning to take him out on Mission
 Ridge. I find I can't go. You
 take my place. You know more
 about that country than I do, any-
 way."

I had leisure. I said I would go.
 The young man came in and we started.
 On the way out, he said:

"My friend, I'll tell you what I
 want to go out for. I chased a Con-
 federate spy through that section of
 day. I was in the cavalry service.
 We lost him near an old mansion.
 He got away into the bush. The
 sweetest little girl I ever laid my
 eyes on showed us where he had run
 across the yard. I can see her yet,
 stretching her little limbs to show
 us how he ran. The horse often
 wondered if she escaped the horrors
 of war. I want to see if we can find
 the old mansion."

My old enemy, "I spy!"

A jealous pang went through me
 like a shot.

"Is it really the old place you
 want to see?"

I said it in such an abrupt way
 that he looked. A flush overspread
 his face.

"It would be delightful to meet
 her and recall that day."

He was frank enough about it. He
 was after me, then. Now, he was
 after my sweetheart. There are
 stripes in peace as well as in war. If
 he should see her now he would try to
 get her from me. I could keep him
 from finding the place. Should I?
 No. I would find a war.

"Describe the place," said I.

He hid.

I told him I knew where it was.
 "Is the girl alive? Do you know
 her?"

"I know the family," I said stiffly.
 Again he looked at me in a queer
 way.

We rode on in silence.

Suddenly he exclaimed: "By jove!
 There's the place."

I had been guiding him toward it.
 If he rode by I had determined that
 he should never be any the wiser.

One day I called upon my little
 Pearl. I often did so.

"Whom do you think has been to
 see me," she said.

I couldn't guess, but there was a
 pain in my heart.

"Your old cavalry friend." He didn't need
 a guide any more

"I might have known it." There
 was bitterness in my voice.

"He can't cross. Here, let me
 pin this rose in your lapel." As
 she did so I kissed her. It was all
 right. O, what a sweet afternoon
 we had.

But that Union fellow kept com-
 ing. I knew he would. I had al-
 ready begun to see that she looked
 upon me as upon a father or elder
 brother. Her own father had been
 killed in the war. With what bitter-
 ness I saw my sweetheart being stolen
 from me. How I repented me of
 bringing him out on the Ridge that
 day. But he won her. They are
 now living in a Massachusetts town.

I see them frequently. He'll
 never know how I love her. I never
 see her but what that sweet vision of
 the little face behind the lilac bush
 comes to me. He and I always quar-
 rel over her. He is one of those
 "mean, Republican" and he says I
 still a "Publican rebel." Then
 Pearl patches up a truce. But I
 guess honors are about even. It's
 all right. Who am I, anyway? O,
 I'm only a garrulous old bachelor
 doctor. He's my brother-in-law.
 I'm living with them.

I've played "high spy" with
 Pearl's children around those same
 old lilac bushes down there at the
 old mansion on the Ridge. We
 spend the winters there. Well, well,
 well. Times works wonders.

What's this? a tear. You foolish-
 head-rascal. How happy I am—for
 Pearl's sake.

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CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED Aug. 1st, 1897.	N. C.			F. M.			S. E.		
	No. 38 Daily	No. 35 Daily	No. 32 Daily	No. 38 Daily	No. 35 Daily	No. 32 Daily	No. 41 Daily	No. 40 Daily	No. 39 Daily
Lv Weldon.....	11 50	9 43		a. m.	p. m.		a. m.	p. m.	
Ar Rocky Mount.....	12 52	10 35							
Lv Tarboro.....	12 12								
Lv Rocky Mount.....	12 52	10 35		8 45	12 45		8 45	12 45	
Lv Wilson.....	2 06	11 10		6 20	2 12				
Lv Selma.....	3 00								
Lv Fayetteville.....	4 40	1 14							
Ar Florence.....	7 30	3 20							
	P. M.	A. M.							
Lv Goldsboro.....				7 01	3 10				
Lv Magnolia.....				9 30	5 40				
Ar Wilmington.....				10 50	7 00				

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	N. C.			F. M.			S. E.		
	No. 38 Daily	No. 35 Daily	No. 32 Daily	No. 38 Daily	No. 35 Daily	No. 32 Daily	No. 41 Daily	No. 40 Daily	No. 39 Daily
Lv Florence.....	8 45	8 15							
Ar Fayetteville.....	11 20	10 10							
Lv Selma.....	12 10	11 20							
Ar Waynesville.....	1 42	12 10							
	P. M.	A. M.							
Lv Wilmington.....				7 15	9 35				
Lv Magnolia.....				10 10	11 20				
Lv Goldsboro.....				10 50	12 00				
	P. M.	A. M.							
Lv Wilson.....	2 33	12 58	11 57	1 20					
Ar Rocky Mount.....									
Lv Tarboro.....	12 12								
Lv Rocky Mount.....	2 33	12 58							
Ar Weldon.....	3 30	1 44							
	P. M.	A. M.							

*Daily except Monday. †Daily except Sunday.

Train on the Scotland Neck Branch leaves Weldon 4:30 p. m., arrives Halifax 4:25 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:20 p. m.; Greenville 6:50 p. m., Kingston 7:50 p. m.; returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday 7:50 a. m., arriving Halifax 11:18 a. m., Weldon 11:35 a. m.

Train No. 75 makes close connection at Goldsboro between Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 8:20 a. m., arrives Nashville 9:05 p. m., Spring House 9:50 a. m., returning leaves Spring House 8:00 a. m., Nashville 8:35 a. m., Norfolk and Carolina R. R. for Norfolk and all points North via Norfolk.

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